

## sunny with a chance of sprinkles

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# sunny with a chance of sprinkles

by [meridies](#)

## Summary

George is a new seasonal hire at a frozen yogurt shop. He can deal with the heat, the busy lines, and the long hours— but if there's one thing he can't deal with, it's his asshole coworker, Dream.

## Notes

technically the prompt for today is royalty au but BEFORE the mods switched it up on me, the prompt was "we did it" so im writing that instead. enjoy!!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

"You know frozen yogurt isn't actually *healthier*," Dream pointed out helpfully. "It's just a marketing technique."

George scowled and crossed his arms. "It's better for you than ice cream."

"It's all sugar and dairy and flavoring," Dream countered. "They're the same."

"Look it up," George insisted. "You're ignoring the facts."

"What facts, Buzzfeed articles?" Dream said amusedly.

"Actually, there are some very reputable studies that prove—"

“You are *such* a nerd.”

“And *you* are the worst person I’ve ever met,” George said. Frustration boiled over into his system. “Do you ever shut up?”

“Uh,” the customer said uncomfortably, looking between the two of them, “Could I just get a cup of strawberry please?”

George glared at Dream, and then forcibly swallowed his irritation and plastered his customer service smile on. “Sure. I would like to apologize for my asshole coworker, it’s his first day on the job.”

“I’ve been here for three weeks,” Dream said nonchalantly. “George here is the new hire, so don’t blame him if he messes up your order.”

George gave him a tight-lipped smile and flipped Dream off as soon as the customer turned his back. He hissed, “Three weeks is still a new hire.”

“Three weeks more experience than you,” Dream shot back.

“Fuck off.”

George scowled, turned his attention back to the ice cream machine, and tried very hard to focus on perfecting the little frozen yogurt swirl that he had been practicing the last week. Dream watched him, arms crossed, and only smiled passive-aggressively when George glared at him.

“Here you are,” George said, and passed the cup to the customer, “That’ll be four fifty.”

“Sorry,” the customer said, sounding very hesitant, “But I asked for strawberry. And I asked for it in a cup.”

“Ah, fuck.” George turned around to fix it, but Dream brushed past him and handed the customer the right flavor.

“Here you go,” Dream said, with a pleasant smile that looked wholly insincere to George. “Have a good day. This is on the house.”

“You are such an asshole,” George said, after the customer had turned and left, “I could’ve done that.”

“Yeah, but you didn’t.”

George huffed. He hated the bright, shiny pin on his chest that read *NEW HIRE! PLEASE BE PATIENT WITH ME* that the manager made him wear. Dream, who had passed the two week mark and successfully doled out nearly hundreds of frozen yogurt cups, had been allowed to take *his* new hire pin off. He hadn’t stopped making fun of George since.

“I’m just as competent as you are,” George said. “Stop treating me like I’m dumb.”

“Yesterday you served someone green apple instead of strawberry.”

George frowned. “I’m colorblind, that’s not my fault.”

“Have you tried not being colorblind?”

“Have you tried not being an asshole?”

"I've thought about it," Dream said, "And then I decided against it. Are you going to deal with this next customer or should I?"

George crossed his arms. "You can do it."

"Fine," Dream said, "And if you pay close enough attention, maybe you'll actually learn how to do this job."

"You've only been here three weeks!"

Dream grinned. "Three weeks longer than you!"

George scowled, thought about ripping the stupid pastel apron off and storming out, but reminded himself that this was his seasonal job and he desperately needed the money, so it wouldn't do him any good to lose his temper in his first few days over an asshole coworker. Even if said coworker was practically just as new and inexperienced as him.

"I'm just doing my best," he said instead, and took a slow, deep breath, "And it's hot and we're both working a minimum wage job. Why not just get along?"

"That's the dumbest thing I've ever heard you say," Dream said, "And I've heard you say a lot of dumb things."

George scowled.

"I hope you get fired."

"At least I would never have to talk to you again."

"Fine," George said haughtily. "That would be wonderful."

"Next customer," Dream said, with a pleasant, insincere grin, and pointed towards the front. "Hope you're better with this one."

George huffed, tried his best not to let Dream get under his skin, and turned toward the front.

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Two weeks later, George was practically an expert, and had taken off his new hire pin.

"Hi," George said, customer smile ready to go, pastel pink apron around his waist, "What can I get for you?"

He made sure to memorize exactly what the customer said, and went about preparing the order for them. He caught Dream's skeptical, raised eyebrow as he leaned against the wall, and resisted the urge to sneer at him. Carefully, George made sure that everything in the order was good (he had a faulty memory sometimes), before handing the cone to the customer.

"Decent," Dream said, which took George by surprise. That was the nicest thing Dream had ever said to him. "Maybe you're not a complete failure."

"I'm sure I'm learning faster than you did," George said.

Dream spread his hands and grinned. “Well, you have an incredible teacher.”

“Oh, fuck off.”

“Gladly,” Dream said. “My shift ends in fifteen minutes.”

George glanced at the clock on the wall and internally groaned; he had another hour and a half left before he could clock out and go home. “I don’t suppose you would stay an extra hour and a half to keep me company.”

“I would, but I would annoy you for most of it.”

“Better than being on my own,” George said, and wrinkled his nose. He would only be working on his own for half an hour, before his other coworker, Sarah, came in; but she was nowhere near as interesting as Dream, and her small talk was polite and impersonal. George may have heavily disliked Dream, but at least he was engaging to speak with.

Dream sighed, checked the time. “I guess I could spare sixty minutes.”

Huh.

“I was mostly joking,” George said.

“I know.”

“You don’t have to.”

Dream raised an eyebrow and repeated, “I know.”

“I’m serious,” George said.

“Do you not want me to stay? Because I can go if you really want me to.”

How had this conversation taken such a turn? “If you wanted to stay, it might be nice.”

“Nice,” Dream repeated.

“Mediocre,” George amended. “Probably terrible.”

Dream flashed him a grin. “Anything to annoy my favorite George.”

“I’m your favorite?”

“Not at all,” Dream said, “I just like to annoy my enemies.”

“Oh, so I’m your enemy now.”

“Always have been.”

George rolled his eyes. “I can’t believe I’m stuck with you.”

“For the next hour and...” Dream made a show of checking his watch, “Ten minutes. You brought this on yourself.”

“I regret everything.”

“Look alive, Georgie,” Dream said, and George’s heart skipped a beat at the nickname, though he

wasn't entirely sure why, "I'll be sitting here, making fun of how terrible you are at everything, and you can stand there and pretend that you don't want me there even though you do. It'll go well for both of us."

"I've made a terrible decision."

Dream grinned. The look on his face promised only more annoyance to come. George wanted to facepalm.

When would he stop making bad decisions?

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"They introduced a new flavor," George said, when he clocked in with Dream beside him. Dream glanced up at the chalkboard where the manager scrawled the flavors each day and raised an eyebrow. Pineapple raspberry frozen yogurt from the day before had disappeared, replaced with almond and rose.

"That sounds somewhat good," Dream admitted. "Do you want to try it?"

"Are we allowed to try the frozen yogurt on the job?"

"Yeah, why not?"

George raised an eyebrow, but retrieved one of the paper tasting cups from underneath the counter and gave himself a try.

"It's not bad," George said in surprise. He wasn't a big fan of almond flavoring, but it could have been much worse.

"I like it," Dream said in satisfaction. "Think I might take this home at the end of the night."

George frowned. "What?"

"Yeah," Dream said, "Whenever I work closing, I fill the largest size cup with whatever frozen yogurt I want. Don't you?"

"No," George said, "Are we allowed to?"

"Uh," Dream hesitated, "Of course we are."

"That isn't reassuring."

"Well, I haven't gotten fired yet."

"Maybe I should put in a good word for you," George mused.

Dream narrowed his eyes. "You wouldn't dare."

"I wouldn't," George said thoughtfully. "I think I would die of boredom if there wasn't someone to bicker with while I'm serving frozen yogurt."

"Good thing I'll be here to bother you all the time," Dream said. "You won't get a moment's rest

while I'm around."

"Would it be so awful to just be polite?"

Dream pretended to consider it for a moment. "Yes."

George sighed. Even though he was tired and exasperated, something about their arguments was a little bit fond. Maybe he was starting to tolerate Dream—just the littlest bit.

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July heat struck hard and fast and before George knew it, every day was peaking in the high nineties. Their manager, upon unlocking the doors every morning at seven, took pity on them and turned the air conditioning on. The roses blooming outside wafted their floral scent in until it was so cloying that George forcefully closed the windows. The line ran longer and longer each day. George was so proficient at doling out frozen yogurt that he could do it in his sleep.

"It's so fucking hot," Dream sighed when he came in for his shift. George, who had been handling the register by himself for the last two hours, was almost too tired to say something snappy back. "I'm going to melt."

"Well, melt when your shift is over," George said, and moved to greet the next customer, "There's a line."

Dream finished tying his apron, put the mandatory pink hat on, and held up his middle finger where only George could see it. "I hate you."

"I hate you too," George said sweetly, and took the next person's order.

Finally, there was a blessed lull in the line of people waiting for customers, and George went to the back for a glass of ice water. Even with the air conditioning running at full strength, it was too hot for him to have any energy. Dream joined him a few seconds later, took his apron off, and poured himself a glass of water.

"Finally," he said, "We did it!"

George shot him a glance. "We?"

"Cleared the line," Dream said, and pointed out the front, "There's no more customers there."

"That's not what I meant. I meant *we*? As in you and I?"

Dream wrinkled his nose. "I don't see anyone else on shift with me."

"Besides, we're not even done," George said. "There's still two hours left in this shift."

"For you," Dream said pointedly. "I'm done in thirty minutes."

"I hate you."

"Aw, I love you too."

George ducked his head. He felt slightly pink. He wasn't entirely sure why, but he chalked it up to

the heat.

He was about to pour himself another glass of water when there was a bell from the front. George looked to Dream, who looked back at him, and they had a brief, nonverbal argument about who should go to the front to deal with them. Finally, Dream challenged him to a battle of rock, paper, scissors, which George won easily.

Dream shot him a dirty look, and whispered, “Cheater.”

“How could I possibly cheat at rock, paper, scissors?” George called after him. “You’re just a sore loser!”

“Fuck off,” Dream said, and marched past him to the front.

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“Hey, Dream,” George said, when he strolled into work two days later. “Guess what day it is?”

Dream took one look at him and shook his head in disappointment. “Sunday,” he said, “Like ice cream sundae. That’s so unoriginal.”

“You come up with a better one,” George said. “I’m not on top of my pun game today.”

“Fine,” Dream said. “What’s the weather like?”

“Uh,” George glanced at the glass doors, “Sunny?”

“Sunny with a chance of sprinkles,” Dream said.

George didn’t get it for a moment, and then he sighed. “That’s worse than mine.”

“Is not.”

“Is too.”

“Is not—”

The bell by the front counter chimed brightly. George sighed and went to go help the customer, while Dream stayed in the back room, in the air conditioning.

“Do you have any more ice cream puns?” Dream said, when George reentered the back room. “I’m bored and there’s nothing better to do.”

“I’d have to think of some,” George said. “They don’t arrive off the top of my head.”

Dream waved his phone. “I could look some up.”

“You’re not even supposed to have your phone on you while you’re at work.”

Dream grinned. “Are you going to tattle on me?”

“Of course not,” George said, surprised that Dream would even ask, albeit sarcastically, “I don’t know how I’d function here without you.”

"Aw, Georgie, that's so sweet of you," Dream cooed. "I wouldn't be able to function without you either."

"Shut up," George muttered, cheeks embarrassingly pink. "You're ridiculous."

"You're blushing," Dream teased, and poked George's cheek, "It's kind of cute."

Then Dream turned away, as the bell in the front had rung, signalling that there was a customer waiting for someone to take their order, and George had to go take a long drink of water and press both hands to his face to get himself to calm down.

*Why* was he so flustered?

At the end of their shift, George went about wiping down the counters and taking out the trash while Dream tidied up the back room and cleaned up the frozen yogurt machines. It was a routine that they had perfected after a few weeks of getting to know each other.

Dream untied his apron, tossed it into his work locker, and retrieved his backpack. Very casually, he asked, "Are you free this weekend?"

"Depends," George said. "Why?"

"I was wondering if you wanted to hang out," Dream said, and waved a hand, "Outside of all this."

George considered it. "I can't believe I'm saying this, but I'd be down for that."

"Wonderful," Dream said. "Should we set a time?"

George checked his calendar, and the two of them eventually found a time and day that worked for both of them amidst their busy schedules. Dream offered to pick George up from his house, and they could drive to the local park and get to know each other a bit outside of being coworkers.

"I'll see you then," Dream said. "It'll be nice."

"I hope so," George said dryly. "It would be a shame if we realize we hate each other outside of work, too."

Dream slung his backpack onto his back, completely ignored what George said, and asked, "You'll lock up?"

"Fine," George sighed. "I guess I'll be the responsible one here."

Dream smiled. "You're the best."

"That was somehow the nicest thing you've ever said to me."

"I try."

Dream swung open the back door, stepped out into the humid, summer night air, and gave George a small wave. Then the door closed with a small click behind him, and George stared at it for a second and tried to make sense of the odd emotions churning in his stomach.

None of them made sense, and the more he tried to put the pieces together, the faster they fell apart.

George double checked that all the lights were off and everything on the closing shift checklist was

done, and then closed and locked the door behind him. He felt oddly excited, thinking about seeing Dream that weekend, and interacting with him outside of work.

It would go well, George thought, on the walk back home. Of course it would.

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And, to his surprise (or maybe not) it did go well. Dream knocked on his door a few minutes early, and together they went to the local park. They talked about anything and everything under the sun, and George was pleased to know that under Dream's brash exterior that he portrayed at work, he was wonderfully thoughtful and analytical. At one point, they were talking about things where George couldn't even remember how the conversation had started.

Hesitantly, George suggested getting frozen yogurt—they could go and make fun of their other coworkers together, from the other side of the glass, and so Dream directed them in that direction.

"I can pay," Dream said, when both of them received their cups of frozen yogurt, and waved George off when George began to protest, "It's like five dollars, it's no big deal."

"I can pay you back—"

"Seriously," Dream said, with a small laugh, "I don't mind. Really."

They migrated outside and found a small table in the shade. Dream stole a spoonful of George's flavor (peanut butter and chocolate), while George tried a taste of Dream's (mint chocolate with fudge).

"This was actually really fun," George said after a moment. He was almost surprised. "We should do this again."

"Mhm." Dream swirled the frozen yogurt in his cup around, stirring in the toppings and the hot fudge. "That sounds great."

"I'm free next weekend after our Saturday shift?"

"Works for me."

"Good." George smiled.

Dream glanced up at him from across the table, back down at his frozen yogurt. Abruptly, he asked, "Can I kiss you?"

Every brain cell in George's body abruptly stopped working. For a second, the frozen yogurt on his tongue was tasteless. He stared at Dream for a moment before responding.

"Uh... what?"

Dream blinked. "Never mind."

"Kiss me?" George repeated dumbly. "Really?"

"Yes," Dream said. "We've been flirting for weeks. I thought I would just cut to the chase."

“We’ve been *flirting*? ”

“Yes,” Dream said. “Of course we have.”

“What do you mean, we’ve been flirting?”

“Well,” Dream said, with the air of explaining something very simple to a toddler, “We started off hating each other, and then that turned into a grudging alliance as we realized that these shifts are going to be unbearable if we don’t like each other, so we started becoming friends, and then I started flirting with you, pretty obviously, might I add, and you seemed relatively interested in me so I thought I would ask you out on a date.”

“Wait,” George said, “This is a date?”

“What else did you think it was? I picked you up from your house, we walked around the park together, and I paid for your ice cream. Of course this was a date.”

“I thought it was just a fun thing that friends do,” George said.

“It’s okay if you’re not into me,” Dream said, very neutrally, though George could tell he was somewhat upset, “I just thought I’d ask.”

“I mean—”

“It’s okay,” Dream said. “You don’t have to explain yourself.”

“No,” George said, and tried to put everything into words, “It would be nice. Kissing you. I think.”

Dream looked up from his ice cream. “You think?”

“Yes,” George responded, and he felt incredibly nervous saying it, “Why not?”

In response, Dream leaned across the table and kissed him.

He tasted like sweet chocolate and mint and his hair was soft under George’s fingers. It wasn’t the greatest kiss in the world, it wasn’t mind blowing sparks, igniting a fire under George’s skin, but as Dream pulled back, George thought that he might like to do it again.

And again.

And then... maybe a fourth time.

“You are such an idiot,” Dream muttered. “The biggest idiot around. You were flirting back with me and you didn’t even know it.”

George smiled. “I think you like me.”

Dream silenced him with another kiss.

George kissed him back.

“So,” Dream said, “About that date next weekend?”

“I’m still down,” George said, “And at least I know it’s a date now.”

“So I’ll see you then.”

“Yeah,” George said, and realized that he was smiling almost foolishly. “See you then.”

He gave Dream a small, silly little wave. Dream tapped two fingers to his temple in response, and tried to turn away in time to hide his smile. George still saw it.

Oak trees waved overhead in crisp green waves on his walk back home. George pressed the backs of his hands to his cheeks, still feeling flushed. He kept thinking about Dream and how good it had felt to be close to him. And how, incredibly, he wanted it again.

He couldn’t wait to see him tomorrow.

## End Notes

if you enjoyed, please leave kudos/comments! <3 i know this fic barely fills the prompt, but i had a lot of fun writing it!!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!